

Student Review

BYU's *U*nofficial Magazine

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Provo, Utah

November 18, 1987

New Americans tied to John Birch Society Stated Club Policy Ignored

by Michelle Youtz

Jean Taylor, coordinator of student activities, was quoted by the *Daily Universe* on July 16, 1987 as saying: "It is University policy that we will not be involved with any national organizations, other than departmental or pre-professional ones . . . The only exceptions to this policy are the College Republicans and the College Democrats, and they have not been involved with national or international causes." In defense of the administrative decision to deny students a campus chapter of Amnesty International, Taylor explained that in the past BYU has also refused chapters of the John Birch Society and the American Cancer Society.

Seemingly, the administration has altered or eliminated this university policy by recently granting club charter to the New Americans, a national university club. Charles Armor, national president of the John Birch Society, says that the New Americans are "affiliated with the John Birch Society." Administrators within Student Life were unavailable for comment regarding the club or the university policy.

John Birch Society members invited Chris Yandow, BYU New Americans president, to initiate a club on BYU's campus in 1986. BYU's New Americans club is one of three officially recognized by the San Marino John Birch Society office, says Sue Thompson Cannon, coordinator of New Americans Clubs.

In an attempt to gain a BYU club charter, Yandow worked through Christie Cook, ASBYU Organizations Vice President, Jean Taylor and Tamara Quick, both administrators within Student Life. Yandow says they feel "very strongly that what we are doing is good, and they have individually told me that . . . Our views are right in line with our University's chairman of the board." This claim is due largely to the club's devotion to President Benson's 1986 address on the Constitution.

The purpose of the club, says Yandow, is to "provide a service in educating the BYU community . . . we're just giving information." Notably, "one of our main sources of information" is the John Birch Society. Charles Armor explains, "our young people will be a transmission belt of information to promote a better understanding of the issues." Furthermore, "we are not advocating the Society, or saying join the Society," says Yandow.

According to Armor the New Americans are a "loose part, an adjunct of the John Birch Society with no formal status, although the faculty advisor and all club leadership must be members of the Society."

The New Americans are considered to have the "same views as the John Birch Society, with a little more freedom," says SR art by Rolando Washington Thompson Cannon. The club's motto according to Yandow is "Less government, more individual freedom, and with God's help a better world."

The club will be actively involved in political issues, Yandow explains. One such focus is to eliminate unconstitutional parts of government such as "health education, welfare, and OSHA," says Yandow. Other issues include "reducing taxes and government spending, and stopping aid and trade with Communist nations," according to a John Birch Society pamphlet. The Society is also a strong advocate of capital punishment as a legitimate crime deterrent, says Armor.

The John Birch Society supports the original intent of the



constitution, and is well known for its opposition to the United Nations and communism. Sue Thompson Cannon explains that the New Americans will be involved in letter-writing campaigns to public officials and legislators, as well as literature-distribution.

Past university policy has been to deny club status to national organizations, other than the Republicans, Democrats, pre-professional clubs, departmental clubs and ROTC. Using this rationale, the administration has consistently denied club status to national organizations. The club charter recently given to the New Americans seems to be an exception to this rule that has yet to be explained by the administration.

Peace Vigil Experiencing Increased Support

by Colin Austin

On Thursday, the twelfth of November, a large group of students joined hands and extended outward in a circle to offer a prayer for universal peace. With heads bowed, a prayer was offered asking blessings upon the leaders of nations and of humanity, that there might be a concerted effort toward a peaceful resolution of problems. As the crowd affirmed these sentiments with a conclusive "Amen", there was present a feeling not only of solidarity, but of sincerity.

The weekly Prayer Vigil for Peace was created and is conducted in accordance

with the ideal that even a small segment of a society can make a difference. Organizer Zeric Smith commented that one of the goals of the vigil is to raise the awareness and conscience of the participants and those in the university community. The weekly gatherings consist of presentations of current peace issues, songs and readings, and a culminating prayer. The attempt is made to provide an atmosphere of care and concern and dedication to the principles of peace.

please See **Vigil** on back page

Supercollider: Does Utah Have a Chance?

by Clarke Stevens

In the scientific community, the year 1987 can perhaps best be described as "super." The media has provided unprecedented coverage of the selection process for a site for the world's largest supercollider and the advent of high temperature superconductors has received comparable hype.

Utah has been paying especially close attention because of its vested interest in the supercollider project. The initial cuts have been made, and Utah still has two proposed sites in the running. There is little doubt that

the supercollider would provide several benefits for the state, but it will also require a significant investment. Is the supercollider the panacea described in media hype, or is it a long term high-tech white elephant?

What is a Supercollider?

Before judging the value of the supercollider it is perhaps best to review just what a supercollider does. A supercollider is a particle accelerator. It accelerates subatomic particles to extremely high speeds by pushing them along with magnetic waves.

The particle is sent through several stages in the acceleration process. In the final stages, the particles move so quickly that a linear track would be much too long. To

please see **Supercollider**
on back page

CAMPUS LIFE

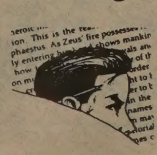
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Student Review

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Interview With a Vietnam Veteran

by Kaarin Neves

The Vietnam era was one of difficulty in the United States. Suddenly thousands of young men were being sent to fight in a foreign land that most of them knew little about. Controversy and death abounded. With world affairs in their present state, it is important to glimpse the reality of that time. The reality of life and death in a period of war could effect this generation.

Eldon Neves and his wife Diana consented to be interviewed about his experiences. He was involved with the artillery for all of his fifteen month stay.

SR: How was death in the war looked at?

EN: We weren't there to win, just to shoot people. You were shooting at so many bodies, that is all. On your gun you'd write down how many people you killed. You'd take an area, and the next day they'd tell you you'd killed 30 people. You never knew for sure. Occasionally we'd be out there at night and see a helicopter and then you'd actually see what you were firing at. The next day we'd hear that so many rounds had been fired and so many gooks had been killed.

SR: Did you have lots of friends in your platoons? Did you see many of them killed?

EN: Yes, we were friends with about everybody. No, I didn't see them killed, mostly they just got blown up a little bit. There were mortars and rockets coming in often. We wouldn't see them die next to us.

SR: Did you ever struggle with killing people?

EN: You just kind of get involved in the game. That was all. You were out there and be firing on a hill where you could see what was going on. They might just give coordinates and say shoot. Or they might say, see over there where that big rock is. There is a man standing there by it. So we'd blow the guy away. It was all part of the game. I don't think that it was a thing that I need worry about.

SR: Did you have any buddies who really struggled with it?

EN: We were all pretty close. Mostly everyone had the same feeling I did, they were just tired and worried about getting through the

next day.

SR: Can you describe the daily situation?

EN: We always had somebody on the gun. Every other night you'd be on the gun all night long. It was at night when there were always problems. You'd slip out with flashlights, start the gun up and point it where it was supposed to be and shoot. Regardless of the weather. You couldn't hear the rockets. If things were quiet you could hear them whistling. We would have someone watch for the flashes.

A big majority of the men would stay high on marijuana and drugs. It was another problem that you had to deal with. If you were trying to shoot and half of your people were stoned, you had problems.

SR: How far from the front were you most of the time?

EN: It was all around us. We just had a base camp. I was mainly in a base camp somewhere around Saigon, about fifty or sixty miles away. We set up there with a perimeter around us with wires and bunkers and things. We'd just fire on the positions. They'd call up and say they were getting some action, so we'd go fire. Wherever they needed us.

SR: What was the hardest thing for you in Vietnam?

EN: You were just there and you did your job. Well, it wasn't even a job. They put you there and you just looked for another day.

DN: I remember the letters you wrote. The tedium seemed to be what got to you.

SR: What type of misconceptions did you go over with when you went to Vietnam?

EN: I was just as much as anyone else. I didn't really have any idea of where I was going to be. I realized that I wasn't trained. You didn't know anything when you leave. You are just like a child. They were a bunch of kids, all of them. I was the oldest of the whole bunch. I was 24, the old man of the

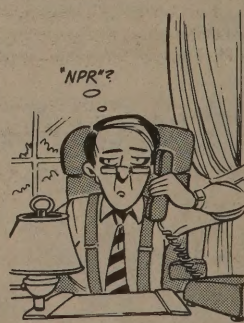
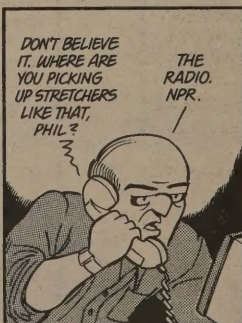
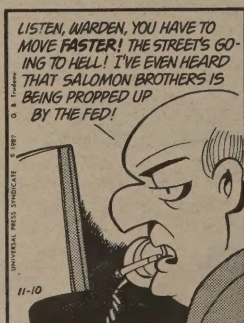
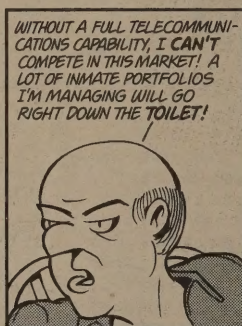
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CAMPUS LIFE

The Eavesdropper: Big Brother is watching

by Eldon C. Nelson

Printing this in the Student Review may seem pretty strange, but news is news, and besides, The Daily Universe sure isn't going to print this. BYU is not talking anymore. You all feel it. You all know it. Gone is the feeling of trust that used to make it so easy to gab with your roommates, your classmates, and your "best friend from high school that I haven't seen in three years." People are getting tight-lipped around campus, and it doesn't take an Investigative Journalism major to figure out why (which is good, since there is no such major available). The Eavesdropper. A man without scruples, making it unsafe to tell the secrets that you promised you wouldn't tell anybody.

The Eavesdropper is directly responsible for several new anxieties on campus. Most students aren't aware of the quest for sensationalism involved in today's competitive newspaper market. As a result, rather than realizing that the Eavesdropper only prints the juiciest tidbits of overheard gossip, the masses begin to believe "The Eavesdropper" column represents a typical conversation. Because most people don't always have such sparkling gems of thought, they see themselves as being hopelessly dull. After all, most of us rarely shout the exciting profanities regularly found in "Eavesdroppings" at anybody. If the Eavesdropper would at least have the gumption to give a truly representative sample of his "overhearings," a full 98% percent of them would run like this:

Bob: "Hey, Howryadood?"
Bill: "Finchowryou?"
Bob: "Cool. Seeyaroud."
Bill: "Uh-huh. Bye."

But of course, the Eavesdropper isn't going to print the events which actually happen. He would much rather pry into people's private lives want only injuring relationships



SR art by Pat Barth

and hurting feelings. It's called "yellow journalism." (This is the point where, if this were an editorial, I would add "and it makes me want to spit." But, since this is an objective report, I will refrain.) A good illustration of this comes from a little eavesdropping I did myself:

Karl (not his real name), on one knee: "I don't care if the whole world know it, Candy (not her real name, but very close). I think you're the cat's pajamas, and I want you to marry me!"

Candy: "Oh Karl, do you really think that we're ready?"

Karl: "Well, we've been going out for

three weeks now, and I think we know each other well enough so that we can ... WAIT! What was that?"

Candy: "What, Karl? Did you hear something?"

Karl: "I distinctly heard rustling in that yonder bush, accompanied by the sound of pencil on paper."

Candy: "Ohmyheck...could it be the ...the..."

Karl: "Candy, maybe it would be best if we...you know...laid low for a while—didn't date or see each other—you know."

Candy: "But Karl, what about the marriage?"

Karl: "Unnhhh...I'm sorry, Candy, but I just don't think it will work anymore. I feel cheapened."

This is fairly demonstrative of what the Eavesdropper can do to relationships. If this "Eavesdropper" is allowed to continue to prowling the sidewalks of this hallowed campus, the marriage rate for BYU could drop by 49.3%. And it doesn't take a Statistics major (incidentally, there is such a thing as a "Statistics Major," although nobody knows why) to figure out what that will do to the Provo population within the next twenty years. At that rate, this baby-booming city may very well become a ghost town, unless action is taken...soon.

But more frightening than all of the psychological stress the Eavesdropper puts us through are the very real implications we would face if "The Eavesdropper" idea catches on. Specifically, what if the administration begins a similar program to enforce the Standards Code? Envision thousands of administrative snitches scribbling down the names of various Honor Code offenders and their crimes. Each day, in the The Daily Universe, appears the names of those who don't wear socks, who do wear mini-skirts, and who didn't shave that day (and that goes for legs too, ladies). On the human interest side, they could print snatches of conversation which could be labeled liberal or doctrinally unsound.

BYU is caught in the clutches of the Eavesdropper. He is contemptuous. He is cunning. He has the same kind of attitude and mannerisms that got Nixon impeached. The good folk of BYU must take action (if this were an editorial, now is when I would suggest the type of action...a lynching, for instance)...or continue to quake in perpetual fear that they will be the next to fall prey to...the Eavesdropper.

BYU Folklore: Believe it or not

BYU folklore is here! Well, it's been here all along, but finally Student Review is going to print it—get all the folklore out into the open.

"What is folklore?" You ask. Folklore is a set of traditional tales, customs, sayings or art forms preserved and passed on by a people.

Here's the first example—maybe you've heard a similiar version:

THE HERITAGE HALLS PROSTITUTION RING

There's a wicked prostitution ring going on at Heritage Halls. Instead of putting red lights out to advertize, the girls put tennis rackets in their windows. When two tennis rackets are crossed in the window it means that they are booked up, so look elsewhere.

This story has been around for a long time and probably has no truth to it. I rememeber when I heard it as a rather naive freshman. I told my folks in amazement and they calmly replied, "Oh, the old-tennis-racket-in-the-window story. That was going around when we were there."

(Story submitted by BJ Fogg)

WHAT BYU FOLKLORE HAVE YOU HEARD? LET US HEAR ABOUT IT. SEND YOUR FOLK STORIES TO—

Folklore
c/o Student Review
P.O. Box 7092
Provo, Ut
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Eavesdroppings

Some people have been questioning the validity of the conversations printed in this column. To this claim I say, "Rubbish!" You think I sit at home and make these things up for kicks? If these conversations weren't real, what fun would it be to print them? The whole idea is that each week, somewhere, some poor so-and-so sees his private conversation in a newspaper. This is humor in its purest form; laughing at other's misfortunes. Well, for those skeptics who would rather read more believably boring conversations, this week's for you. For those who normally provide the more outrageous comments printed here; you're off the hook—for now. Here's what the Eavesdropper heard this week:

Elevator in SWKT, Wednesday November 11, 2:08 PM

1st guy: "Did you get that paper turned in today?"

2nd guy: "Yeah, but it wasn't very good."

1st guy: "Well, at least it's in. See ya."

2nd guy: "Yeah, see ya."

Religion class, JSB, Thursday November 12, 1:05 PM

Teacher: "Brinton?" Class: "Yeah."

"Brock?" "Here."

"Brough?" "Yo."

"Brown? Has anyone seen Brown?"

"Broyles?" "Uh huh."

"Bruneel?" "Here."

Customer: "Here. Wait, I think I've got a penny. No."

Cashier: "Thanks, Bye."

Parking Lot, SFH, Wednesday November 11, 3:57 PM

Jack #1: "Hey, can you give me a ride?"

Jack #2: "O.K., hurry though. How's it going?"

Jack #3: "Pretty good, except ... (car door slammed)."

HBL 5th floor, Wednesday November 11, 2:15 PM

1st girl: "So, at 7:00 on Friday then, right?"

2nd girl: "Right. Call me, O.K.?"

1st girl: "O.K., see ya!"

Cash register, ELWC, Thursday November 12, 4:17 PM

Cashier: "\$4.76."

CAMPUS LIFE

Editor's Box

GOTCHA! The winter frost has finally arrived and that means early morning ice scraping off the car windows. A warning to all you lazy early morning drivers: it's illegal to drive with frost-covered windows. Be prepared to pay in cold cash. Just ask an anonymous campus life writer who got ticketed on Tuesday. She smiled and tried to sweet-talk the Provo police officer, but without success. A cold fine to pay.

FRIDAY THE 13th Hope you didn't break a mirror or cross paths with a black cat last Friday. We did have a little bad luck at Student Review on this unlucky day. Somehow the entire "campus life" section was misplaced. The eavesdropper's wife mistakenly delivered his column to the wrong apartment. Saturday the 14th was a little bit better: we found the missing articles and finished the section by 6 p.m.

For Inquiring Minds

ANTI-SOCIAL PROTEST

Several hundred BYU students were in Ogden last weekend to protest the presence of the Aryan Nations in Utah. Organizers were pleased at the large turnout, but some of the participants expressed disappointment that there was no dance or refreshments after the rally.

KENNEDY RECOMMENDED

President Reagan has named Judge Anthony Kennedy to the Supreme Court, but only after an exhaustive FBI background check that included a ten-hour interview by FBI officials. In addition, federal agents interrogated all his professional colleagues, ex-roommates, and neighborhood friends concerning the nominee's moral character. The process was so probing and thorough, LDS officials announced from Salt Lake City this week that Kennedy will become the first non-Mormon to receive a temple recommendation.

ATHLETIC APOLOGY

Still embarrassed by their insensitive decision to not stop last week's game against San Diego State when Todd Santos surpassed the all-time NCAA passing record, BYU officials invited Santos back to campus and in a conciliatory gesture awarded the quarterback a special pig-skin edition of the LDS scriptures complete with Bible Dictionary, Concordance, Maps, and Gazetteer. mg/kk

Top 20

1. The Nylons at Kingsbury Hall
2. Vincent Price movies
3. Bowling in the morning
4. The word "Vignette"
5. Yawning on a date
6. Synthesis last Wednesday
7. Zion National Park
8. Discussing Wagner over red chili
9. Snow on the mountains
10. Talking with your hands
11. Hugh Nibley—what a wacky guy
12. New BYU swimsuits
13. Basking in glory
14. Blowing your nose in the shower
15. Sean Covey-despite the first half at UTEP
16. Gordo's
17. Film reviewers who can make a mean bananabread
18. Seashell collections
19. Faculty involvement
20. Early Christmas cards

Bottom 10

BYU athletic officials snubbing Todd Santos, Dollar bill changer out of order in the JKHB, "Did you forget to press the pound key?," Doctor Fry's lists, the new McDonalds on 1230 North, auto repairs, Saturday night pile-ups on heating vents, naming your children after famous market analysts, ice cream on a first date, Saturday afternoon layout deadlines.

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Congratulations!

To the Provo Town Square merchants mentioned in the *Utah Holiday* "Best-of" list of 1987 (August, 1987)

Osaka

(Best Japanese food south of Salt Lake)

"The food is authentic and delicious, the prices are reasonable and the staff is friendly and efficient."

Backstage Cafe

(Most surprising place to enjoy live jazz)

"This New York-style hangout is the perfect low-key place to wrap up an evening."

Plastique

(Best way to escape Provo in Provo)

"This radical discotheque plays avant-garde progressive rock."

CAMPUS LIFE

Cheer Up . . . You could be dating

by William Norman Grigg

There is a story about a man who had a habit of hitting himself in the head with a ball-peen hammer. When asked why he did this, the man replied, "Because it feels so good when I stop." I suspect that the same rationale is used to justify dating.

Dating is one of those puzzling rituals that impede the pursuit of the objective that they are supposed to accomplish (the most notorious example of this is the Arms-Control "process"). I am told by people whose hubris leads them to claim that they understand the ritual, that dating is supposed to lead

to marriage and happiness. I am frankly puzzled as to why so many people prefer to take such a circuitous route: all of the happily married people I know are married because their relationship "went beyond" dating during their courtship. One might reasonably assert that they came together in spite of the dating "process."

My own experience—which I would assume, is fairly representative—falls into what I will call the Bullwinkle category. As you may recall, "Bullwinkle" cartoons featured a running skit wherein the befuddled moose would attempt to pull a rabbit out of a hat. After numerous failures, his companion ("Rocky the flying Squirrel") would exclaim, "But that trick never works!" Undaunted, Bullwinkle would confidently declare, "This time for sure!"—and fail again. Sound familiar?

The pain and expense of dating could be

avoided if the world were to return to the ancient practice of arranging marriages. In the days when Bedouin Patriarchs ruled supreme, people were more enlightened about affairs of the heart: women were assigned to men on the basis of the worthiness of the prospective husband. Dating assigns women to men on the basis of affluence and superficiality. A young man at Utah State (whose insight and candor place him in serious competition for a Sainthood) observed that when a woman surveys a man's backside, it's to make an estimate as to the size and contents of his wallet.

The most formidable flaw in the dating

just haven't met "the one." Given that there are somewhere in the neighborhood of 3,000,000,000 women in the world, it is far more reasonable to expect that I will be killed by falling space debris than that I would meet the Ideal Woman. (In my case she would be a cross between Connie Selleca and Clair Booth Luce, with a touch of Jeanne Kirkpatrick and a testimony, of course.)

In addition to requiring that a girl be given an opportunity to express an opinion, the dating process contains another delay flaw: it requires the the man demonstrate interest in a woman. There is no deadlier killing frost to the delicate blossom of a woman's affection than reciprocal affection from a man. As "Moonlighting's" David Addison, the Patron Saint of frustrated men, has observed, "The minute a broad knows that you care, they start zipping up the body bag."

The world is littered with the human rubble of men who have failed to comprehend the fatal futility of dating. Speaking as one who has seen the light and abandoned the vice, I concede that dating has its use: it can be used to put suffering in perspective. I issue this invitation: next time you find yourself cleaning out a septic tank with a toothbrush, or hip-deep in chemical waste, or faced with the prospect of a slow death by water torture, think to yourself: "Cheer up; I could be dating."

William doesn't actually hate girls, he teaches marriage prep in Sunday school.

Given that there are somewhere in the neighborhood of 3,000,000,000 women in the world, it is far more reasonable to expect that I will be killed by falling space debris than that I would meet the Ideal Woman.

"process" is that it allows for the exercise of discretion on the part of the female. A more appropriate attitude regarding women's opinions can be adopted from Lord Salisbury, who demanded that his troops refrain from cheering at his appearances because it came perilously close to expressing an opinion.

Everytime I launch into an anti-dating diatribe at least one self-styled sage insists I


The Worrier

by Gary Burgess

I've always liked the idea of coming home and having a couple armloads of kids come running up to me after a long day at the office, picking my pockets, stealing my comb and wallet, demanding presents, messing up my hair, rifling through my briefcase, and sticking their wet fingers in my ear. I'm worried though. What if all my sons turn out to be florists? What if I name my oldest son Louie, and he tells me he wants to go to beauty school? Or what if he becomes a pastry chef with a name like "Murray?"

My neighbor's having problems with his oldest son. His son thinks he's a "Bit o' Honey," the kids in the neighborhood call him "Chewy." For Halloween he kept on throwing himself into people's bags anytime someone said "trick or treat." They have another son who calls himself a throat lozenge. He goes around massaging people's necks, telling them to swallow more carefully. "Oy veh" I said to my neighbor one day, "with a son like that, who needs a drugstore?"

I'd like to grow old with lots of kids to see on the holidays. Then I can eat their food, and make like a market analyst with heartburn, and give my kids, now full grown, the shingles with my singing of old "Porgie and Bess" tunes. I'd like to have a few granddaughters on my knee. I'm just worried they'll all have my mackerel-like nose, and they'll innocently say someday: "Oy veh, with a granddaddy like you, who needs a mirror, eh?"



Tommy's Burger

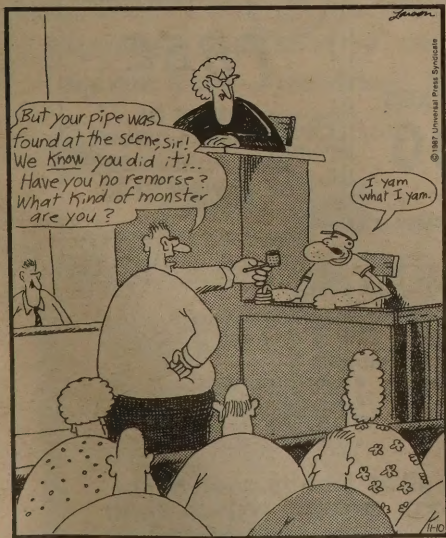
Tommy's Chillburger with the works
PLUS a big order of fries PLUS a Large 20 oz. drink:
\$2.25 tax included

The Other Side of Food

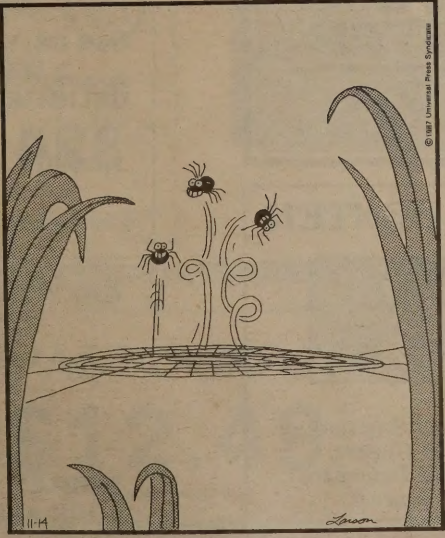
presents . . .

By GARY LARSON


100 North
400 West



On the webline



On the webline

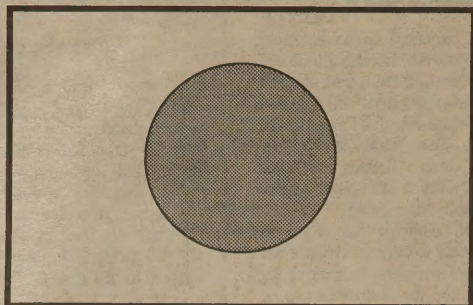


Hey! Look at all the grizzlies in here! I'm gonna get my gun and blow them all away!..Aaaaaaa!

Bernie's sense of humor was seldom appreciated among the other bears.

CAMPUS LIFE

International Internship Panel Discussion



Jobs and Internship Opportunities in Japan

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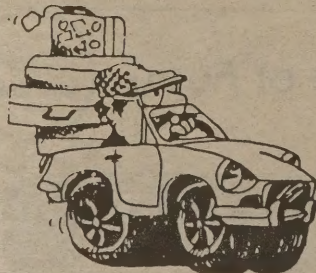
Walter Ames, Anthropology • Lee Radebaugh, School of Management • Tricia Ormsby, International Internships Masakazu Watabe, Asian & Near Eastern Languages

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SR Advisement Center

Handling Hot Pursuit

Dear Student Review Advisement Center;

This past semester, I have been asked out almost every week by a boy in my ward. He's very nice, and I value his friendship very much, but I'm afraid that I like him less than he likes me. I have tried to explain to him that I love our friendship but . . . he doesn't seem to understand. What should I do?

Trapped Butterfly

Dear Trapped,

Before I start, let me get one thing straight . . . you're a girl, right? My advice is based on that assumption. I'm just praying that

a little bit of encouragement i.e., a romantic glance during dinner, a large smile when a date is proposed, a tilted rosy cheek at the doorstep after the night is through. Perhaps he caught you looking at him while he was daydreaming about you. Perhaps you said he was nice, or something —

Do this, Trapped: 1) Be careful what you do and say around him. You think you're being friendly by waving to him across campus, but you're also encouraging him. You don't need to be rude, or cold; just, shall we say, a bit more business-like. 2) Be sure that he knows how you really feel. Sit him down,

Most boys, even the most persistent ones, don't pursue girls without a little bit of encouragement: a romantic glance during dinner or a tilted rosy cheek at the doorstep.

you're not the girl I've been taking out this semester. If you are, then boy, do I feel like a jerk.

Your situation is delicate. At the risk of offending you, however, I don't think your problem is entirely that nice boy's fault. Maybe your entrapment resulted from a little more than Pesty's hard head. Most boys, even the most persistent, don't pursue girls without

and tell him straight that you appreciate his devotion, and his money, but only want to be his friend. It might hurt his feelings temporarily, but it's better for both of you. Don't be alarmed if he begs, whines, or threatens. Remain calm, gentle, but firm, and insist that he must accept you as a friend, and no more. Afterwards, don't avoid him. Soon, he will get over any feelings of embarrassment.



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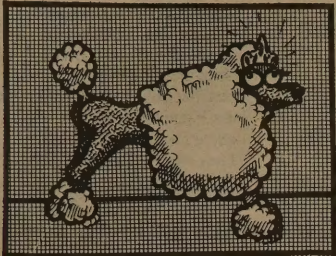


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"Ernie-of-the-Semester" CAMPUS LIFE

In the past, a certain on-campus publication has awarded a "Person-of-the-Semester Award" each semester. Another on-campus organization gives out mini statues called Brigham Awards each year. Not wanting to be left out of the awards business, *Student Review* will be awarding the first "Ernie-of-the-Semester Awards." Originally this award was titled "Dog-of-the-Semester", but we didn't want to limit it to animals. Nominees may include (but are not limited to) non-caring roommates, test-happy professors, ex-fiances, bill collectors, unpopular administrators, interception-prone quarterbacks who can't take the snap from the center, ugly preference dates, Idahoans, former beauty queen/broadcasters, construction workers at the Grant Bldg., cocky left-handed point guards who shoot too much, freshmen, Non-BYU QBs who break records in Cougar Stadium who seek glory and unruly bosses. Send your nominations to:



SR art by Julie Stonebreaker

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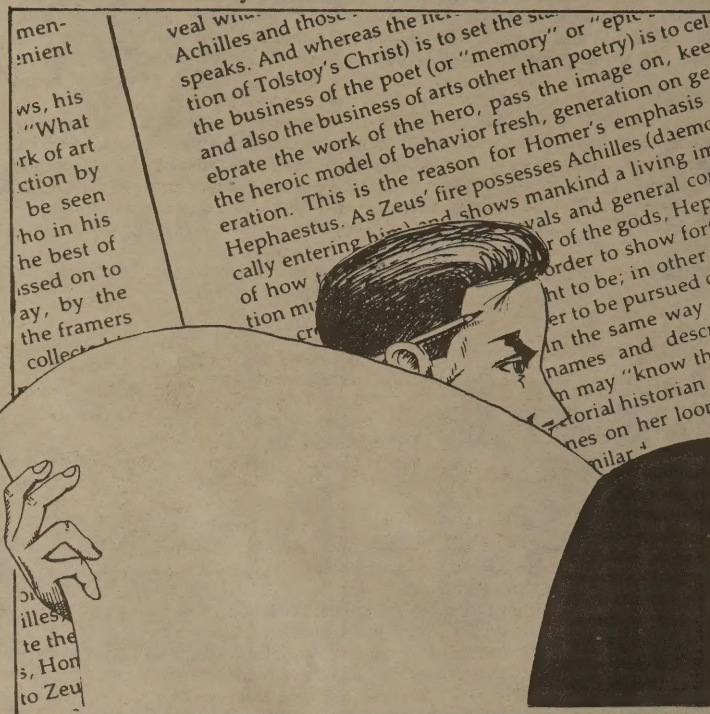
BYU Honor Code—With a Focus On Plagiarism

by Professor Paul R. Thomas

As a fairly new bishop who interviews students in my off-campus ward yearly to establish their acceptance and understanding of the Honor Code, I have gained a slightly different perspective of the Honor Code than I used to have as a professor only. Through such interviews, I've concluded American society provides poor preparation for most newly enrolled students to uphold the BYU Honor Code. Even LDS Church training sometimes misses the mark set up by the Prophet Joseph Smith of teaching "correct principles" that the Saints will freely choose to live. Avoiding plagiarism is one of those "correct principles" that neither Church nor state has prepared BYU students to live.

Let me explain. I believe it is very hard suddenly to convince college students of the evils of plagiarism when, for most of their school lives, plagiarism is generally tolerated, if not openly promoted. For example, how many of us in primary or secondary school have been urged to work up a report on a subject best studied in an encyclopedia? Though some teachers are careful to teach students to put the reports in their own words, too often we see the teacher who is grateful to read a cogent paragraph, even if he or she knows it came from some unnamed source. It could be also that the vast majority of public school teachers have written so few required research papers in college that they aren't aware how easy it is to plagiarize in the age of the Xerox, when a nickel creates a report.

As Lynne Cheney, Director of the National Endowment for the Humanities, recently said on campus, so many of the public school textbooks discourage students from reading great books and encourage them to think that English and other humanities are as dry as their lifeless textbooks. With the constraints of such textbooks, often imposed on public school teachers by state or district textbook committees, it is no wonder that unimaginative teachers come to believe that completing exercises on named grammatical problems in workbooks is the way to improve writing. As the British primary and secondary teachers long ago decided, good writing



SR Art by Brian Kubarycz

consists of the more arduous task of sitting down and struggling to create on paper (or on disk), rather than mastering a set of grammatical rules in unreal sample sentences someone else has written.

In the American teaching environment, a product of our society which eschews any true national direction of curriculum, we lack the vision of the amount of writing students need to produce in order to develop their own style. Only writers who have broad enough training feel they have something to say once the dreaded report or research paper comes along. Only such writers have learned how to synthesize ideas in their own terms and in

their own language.

I have suggested that as Church members we fail to prepare students coming to BYU to avoid plagiarism. How many youth speakers in sacrament meetings announce their topic and then proceed to read the "appropriate" story or disquisition from the Ensign, New Era, or latest book of Church.

Recently all Americans learned that plagiarism can make a powerful difference in someone's future. Senator Joe Biden quickly dropped out of the 1988 presidential race once reporters discovered he flunked the two-hour Legal Method class in the first semester of his first year at law school be-

cause he "borrowed" five unaltered pages from a law review to help write a paper that was supposedly his own analysis. At a debate in Iowa this last August, Senator Biden claimed to have dreamed up a speech on the way to the State Fairgrounds that over a week before he had properly credited to its author, Neil Kinnock, leader of the Parliamentary Labour Party in Britain. When the New York Times also discovered Biden had further unacknowledged borrowings from Robert F. Kennedy's speeches, the senator withdrew from the presidential race (*Newsweek*, 28 Sept. 1987, 23-24).

At BYU, students pledge that they will help other students to live the Honor Code, yet I find that many who evaluate a fellow student's research paper are often very uncomfortable to point out the plagiarism. Does that mean that BYU students don't think that plagiarism is all that serious an offense? Or could it mean that, in American culture, we basically shy away from finding fault one with another? As Latter-day Saints, do we tolerate sin and error in the name of good fellowship?

Sometimes it appears at BYU that the "true" enforcers of the Honor Code are the staff at the Standards Office. When I first attended the University of Virginia years ago as a graduate student, I learned that students need not be outside the administering of the Honor Code. At Virginia, the students on the Honor Code Council enforced the Honor Code. I knew that my pledge on each paper and exam that "On my honor, I have neither given nor received help on this paper/exam" was a personal oath. When students broke that oath, the verdict of the Honor Code Council was usually to expel such violators from the university.

We would do well at BYU to make sure we do at least two things: 1. Encourage enough writing in small enough classes that the teachers can help students to develop a plagiarism-free style of their own; 2. form a student-run court to help teach fellow students such "correct principles" as how to live the Honor Code and how to avoid plagiarism.

Oppose Aryans Now or Pay Later

by Russel Fox

We made jokes about them, you know. The Hayden Lake "Snazies" (read: "Snot-zies") is what we called them. Maybe we made jokes because we wouldn't take them seriously, or maybe we were just scared. The Church of Jesus Christ Christian, the Aryan Nations, the Idaho Neo-Nazis (call them what you will), were not the sort of thing that inspired good humor.

I grew up in Veradale, Washington, roughly 50 miles from the CJC's headquarters in Hayden Lake, Idaho. I have lots of friends from Coeur d'Alene, the focus of activity for these wicked men and women. I saw a lot of bad stuff in my time, and the tragedy was that it was all so avoidable.

Last week several organizations on campus united to demonstrate against the Aryan Nations. If people from Eastern

Washington, the Idaho panhandle, etc., had demonstrated with such strength fourteen years ago, then perhaps some people who are now dead might be alive.

What happened? Some years ago, there was a change in the thinking of the major racist groups in America. Many people simply decided that it was impossible to kill off, to drive away all the people they didn't like; the best move was to simply relocate in a place without minorities. At the same time, the power of television evangelists and the Bible-Belt was growing. The result? Groups like the KKK lost power to quasi-religious organizations, which set up their headquarters where they (correctly) guessed that they'd find a lot of support—out of the way places, like Northern Idaho, and Eastern Washington, colloquially known as the "In-

land Empire."

You'll find an interesting mentality up there. Ninety percent of the people are strong, moral, conservative, religious people. But a few have let the separate, remote nature of the area get to them. They wanted to keep it remote from intrusion by the government and "outsiders." The area has long been a favorite hide-out of "mountain men"—mostly federal felons who romantically decide to take to the woods. And if those sort of people can be accepted, why not Nazis?

We should have resisted immediately. But we didn't, and their church quietly grew, in power and doctrine, until a few lunatics decided that it was time to declare war on the Zionist-dominated government, time to secede. Weapons were stockpiled; nationwide conspiracies were set up. The Order declared

war, robbing banks, smuggling goods and shooting people (FBI agents to be exact). The Order was eventually crushed, but not without damage and hurt. The only good thing that came out of it is that it encouraged people like Father Wassmuth to organize against the CJC and others like them, to pour on the heat.

And now they're coming to Utah. I hope that it won't take the actions of violent extremists to awake opposition to peaceful ones. The longer you let the harmless ones run free, the stronger the harmful ones will grow.

Meanwhile, it's not over in the Inland Empire. Some weeks ago, one of the major figures in the Southern Empire of the Ku Klux Klan moved to Spokane, Washington. As someone once said, here we go again.

Can Bush Escape Reagan's Shadow?

by William Norman Grigg

Ten minutes into the recent Republican debate in Houston, co-moderator Bob Strauss asked George Bush the question: "What would you have done differently during the last seven years had you been elected instead of Ronald Reagan?" This question—which, in various forms, will follow Bush at every turn—is an oblique invitation to criticize the President, which is something that Bush is temperamentally unsuited to do. This is the heart of Bush's problem.

The answer Bush gave at the debate drew a rousing ovation from the partisan crowd: "In my family, loyalty... is not considered to be a character flaw." This is a safe answer among die-hard Republicans, who would enthrone Reagan as a hereditary monarch if it were possible; however, the electorate at large, while still holding the President in very high regard, may be ready for a change. During the 1986 Senate elections, much was made of the "six-year itch": the tendency of the electorate toward antsy during off-year elections that results in losses for the party power. The electorate, faced with the first two-term president in two decades, may be in the mood for a significant change. Bush's loyalty may cost him in the long run.

Since his childhood, Bush has lived by a strict ethic of self-effacement and teamwork. However admirable this may be, such modesty is a luxury that few politicians can afford. The political occupation is one that requires a man to forcefully advertise himself through his accomplishments. Bush is beginning to do so, and the discomfort he suffers as a result of the effort is obvious. Nor is his family helping him to overcome his discomfort: early in his campaign Bush received a call from his mother, who told him that he was talking about himself too much.

During the 1984 campaign, Reagan's occasional gaffes gave birth to the "age issue." The campaign of his apparent heir has been plagued by the "Wimp factor"—the perception that Bush, having spent many years taking orders and assignments from others, is too subservient to assume the role of the Chief Executive. This perception is exacerbated by Bush's unwavering loyalty to President Reagan. During the 1984 campaign, Bush's loyalty was the subject of derisive *Doonesbury* cartoons that described how the Vice-President had "placed his manhood into a blind trust." (George Bush has remained a favorite topic for *Doonesbury's* creator, Gary Trudeau.)

The "wimp factor" is compounded by Bush's patrician background. There is a tendency to portray Bush as a dilettante: a spoiled Yalie who wants to be President because it would be "neat." It is said that the country is still ambivalent about the idea of an aristocratic president. However, John F. Kennedy's "Camelot" still occupies a prominent place in the nation's iconography. Think about it for a second: is the Presidency better symbolized by Kennedy's "aristocratic" trappings or by Carter's informality?

Bush's geniality should be an asset but it isn't. Bush speaks affably in a high, drawing voice and his style is personable and anecdotal—not unlike that of Ronald Reagan. Many of the same traits that contribute to the Reagan mystique—the geniality, the modesty, the shrugged-off folksiness—fit Bush poorly, as if such traits were part of a hand-me-down wardrobe.

Some pundits who examine the Bush candidacy see a Republican Mondale in the making. They have the right state, but he is the wrong politician: Bush's campaign has more in common with that of Hubert Humphrey. Like Humphrey, Bush may pay a steep price for his refusal to criticize the president under whom he has served. Like Bush, Humphrey was perceived by many as lacking the drive—the "fire in the belly"—necessary to win a national election.

There is a sinew beneath the soft Bush exterior. Confronted on the campaign trail by John Linder—the brother of Benjamin Linder, the American who was killed in Nicaragua during a firefight between the Contras and the Sandinistas—Bush unapologetically defended Contra aid. During the Iran-Contra hearings last summer, Oliver North described a meeting that took place between the Vice President and Salvadoran military leaders in 1983. Bush met with several figures who were suspected of involvement with the right-wing death squads; all of these men were very heavily armed. Bush warned them that death-squad activity was eroding support for assistance to the Salvadoran government. North referred to the Vice President's action as "the bravest thing I've ever seen."

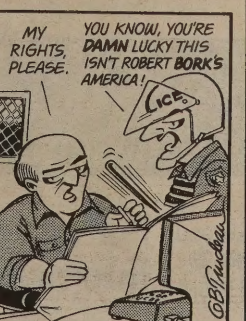
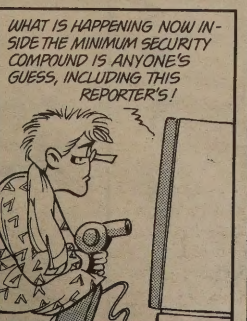
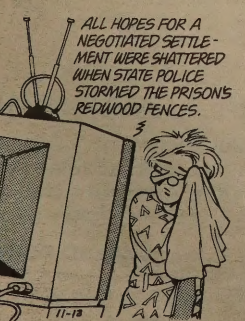
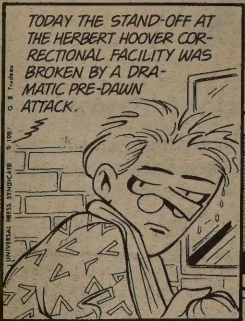
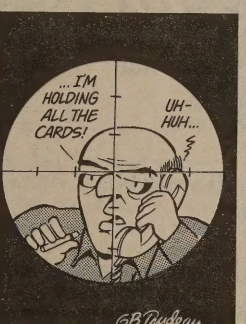
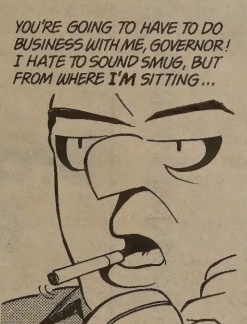
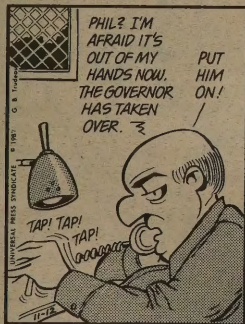
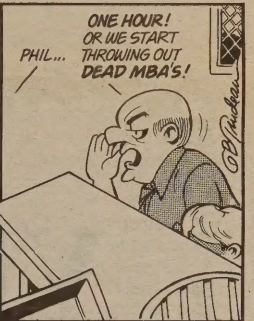
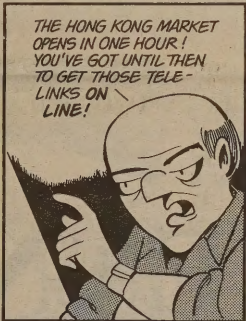
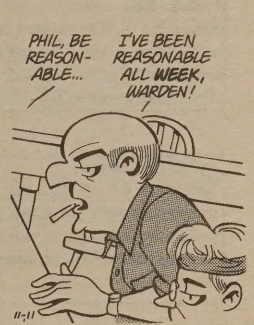
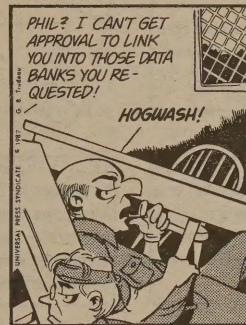
Bush's bravery is not a recent acquisition: he was twenty when he was shot down in combat. He won the distinguished flying cross, an award that he keeps hidden somewhere with

his flight jacket—a jacket that is identical to one owned by Gary Trudeau (Trudeau bought his jacket through the mail). Trudeau recently used his comic strip to explain away Bush's courage by declaring that "battlefield courage isn't the same as moral courage." Obviously not, the "moral courage" of people like Trudeau consists of the ability to take pot-shots at figures of accomplishment. "Battlefield courage" is a little more demanding.

Bush faces a formidable challenge: Any vice president who aspires to the presidency carries with him the baggage he inherits from his former boss. The baggage that Bush has acquired from Ronald Reagan isn't unduly burdensome. But it will be sufficient to hinder Bush if he is unable to highlight his considerable abilities and establish himself as a worthy successor to Reagan.

Doonesbury

BY GARRY TRUDEAU



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World In Review

by Steven Clarke

ENNISKILLEN, Ireland

November 8: A bomb exploded during a memorial service for British War Dead, killing 11 and injuring 53 others. The Irish Republican Army later claimed responsibility.

MANAGUA, Nicaragua

November 13: Arch-Bishop Obando is in Washington talking to President Reagan about a possible Sandinista-Contra truce. Obando was chosen to arbitrate the truce by the Sandinistas despite his pro-Contra stance.

ROME, Italy

November 9: The Italians are voting on a referendum to limit the use of nuclear energy in Italy following fears raised by the April 1986 accident at Chernobyl.

BEIRUT, Lebanon

November 11: A briefcase exploded in a crowded airport passenger terminal. Six people were killed, including the bomber, and more than 70 were injured.

TEL AVIV, Israel

November 9: Israel's Cabinet established a 4 member board to investigate the Israel anti-terrorist agency, The Shin Bet. The Shin Bet is accused of lying about interrogation procedures.

KABUL, Afghanistan

November 13: Soviet leaders said that they are ready to participate in UN-sponsored peace negotiations over Afghanistan. President Reagan said the Soviet presence threatens future US-Soviet relations.

MOSCOW, Soviet Union

November 9: The Soviets are reworking their legal system by removing internal exile as a punishment, limiting the death penalty to certain crimes, and reducing the maximum imprisonment time. Meanwhile, Boris Yeltsin was removed November 12 from his office as Chief of the Soviet Communist Party for being critical of the slow pace of "Glasnost." His removal may hinder further openness.

SEOUL, South Korea

November 12: Kim Dae Jung was nominated by a newly formed party for the presidential elections. Jung is the fourth candidate to enter the race for the Presidency under South Korea's new constitution.

COLOMBO, Sri Lanka

November 13: The Government of Sri Lanka passed new legislation giving the Tamil Rebels more autonomy in an attempt to stop the continuing ethnic battles. Meanwhile, the Tamils killed 15 more people, and a bomb killed 25 bus passengers.



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ARTS & LEISURE

War's Suffering in a Shostakovich Symphony

by Paula Hansen

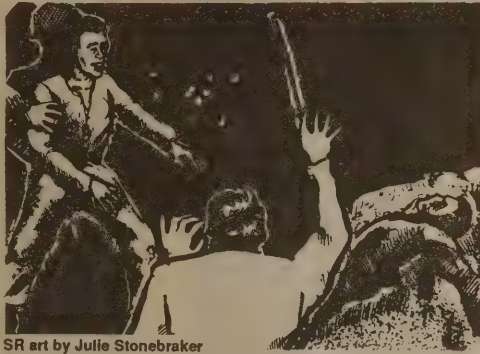
War is not something I've felt strongly about or associated much emotion with before. It has never directly affected me, and therefore has always seemed a grim but comfortably distant concept. I've never seen a country devastated by war. My father never toured Vietnam and I don't know any battle-scarred veterans. But recently I've glimpsed what war makes people feel like. I understand the trauma and tragedy a little better from playing the Shostakovich Symphony No. 5 with the BYU Philharmonic.

When our conductor, Dr. Barrus, handed out the parts to this symphony at the beginning of the year, I was indifferent about playing it. Shostakovich, a twentieth century composer, wrote the kind of dissonant music that is sometimes hard to appreciate. Rehearsals dragged. It's good to be challenged, I admit, but the music was disagreeable even after learning it. Fortunately, music grows on me as I hear it, play it, and begin to understand its mechanics. True masterpieces are often acquired tastes.

Before one recent rehearsal our conductor explained the meaning of this symphony. Dr. Barrus, in his wisdom, always waits to explain the music until after we've struggled and fought with it. He told us about Shostakovich and the turmoil in his life when he composed the fifth symphony. Shostakovich was a Russian composer during the first half of the twentieth century. In the 1930's he, along with others, received an ultimatum from the Stalin regime. This ultimatum stated that his music was unworthy of the communistic ideal and had far too much Western influence. As a result of this

pronouncement, and the outbreak of World War II, Shostakovich was overcome with despair.

Dr. Barrus explained how this symphony reflects the struggle Shostakovich went through as he tried to understand why people's lives are burdened with pain. The first movement expresses the immense sadness and sorrow that humanity inflicts on itself. Some elements of hope come through in



SR art by Julie Stonebraker

this movement, but at this point it is not really understood. The second movement is cynical and bitingly sarcastic. The introspection of the third movement connotes a deep struggle of the inner self. The fourth movement conveys understand-

ing and hope for humanity and the triumph of the soul over the elements of darkness.

After Dr. Barrus explained what this symphony meant, I listened to it differently as we played it. From the discord in the first movement I heard the darkness and bleakness of life. I heard, though only briefly, the sweet melody of hope in the violins. The percussion and brass took over then and I could see victims of concentration camps being marched to horrible deaths as the drums beat out the rhythm.

In the second movement I heard the bitter and sarcastic laughs of unhappy people. The third movement reminded me of the emotional battles that everyone has within themselves; battles which I have barely glimpsed in my own short life. The fourth movement carried the theme of the symphony. It told of the victory of the human soul over oppression, tragedy, and sorrow. I began to understand a small portion of what Shostakovich was trying to convey.

This Wednesday, the BYU Philharmonic will perform Shostakovich's masterpiece. In addition, a piano concerto composed by Maurice Ravel will be performed. Ravel dedicated the piece to a pianist friend who lost his right arm in the war; the entire concerto is written for the left hand only.

Attend the performance on November 18 at 7:30pm, in the deJong Concert Hall. Realize what Shostakovich has created and feel tragedy and triumph as he defines it.

Paula dates a man who's been behind bars. His mug is very well known.

Student Travel

Drawing Back the Iron Curtain—Poland Welcomes You

by Karen Farb

I never dreamed I'd go to Poland. But there I was confronted with the decision to go to Poland or say goodbye to Europe and hop on the next plane to L.A. With little hesitation I found myself in line with an American passport at the Polish embassy in Vienna, hoping for a hassle-free travel visa. I got my visa, almost hassle-free, and off I went to Poland. Little did I know that one of my most important travel experiences was lying in wait for me.

There are many ways to get to Poland. We were fortunate enough to travel by car, or actually in an enormous van colored in red, white and blue. With such a vehicle, all possibilities of being discreet were immediately abandoned—we were an attraction. Especially in the smaller villages where they've never seen such a monstrous vehicle, let alone Americans. But the van was a hit with young and old alike; people would come from homes and shops to witness the monstrosity and the foreigners it carried.

In many of the smaller towns and villages we were invited into the homes of the people. In Radom, a small city about midway to Warsaw, a few families took us in for the night. We were treated like royalty. They broke out their finest china, their best food and drink, and we all slept on very beautiful linens. These people who have so little and have been through so much, took us, perfect strangers, into their homes and showed genuine charity and hospitality which I will never forget. The conversation was a delight. We spoke in a combination of Polish, German, and English. We talked for hours. The next morning they sent us on our way with a beautiful bouquet of flowers. It was all very humbling.

Never in my life have I ever met such wonderful people. The Poles are by far the most giving, kind, friendly and truly charitable people I have ever met. They are a very

religious nation, with Catholicism as the dominant faith. This is probably the very element that has made it possible for the Poles to endure the incredible and unimaginable hardships of living under a communist regime.

It was interesting to note that instead of the pictures of Lenin and communist slogans that we frequently saw in Czechoslovakia, crosses and crucifixes dotted the countryside. The people were positive and warm, though they know very well that their nation is not sovereign. I spoke with a professor of history from the University of Warszawa (Warsaw) and he said, in his broken English-German mix, that his people "are not happy now. It is not a good time in the history of the Polish nation." Nor does it seem that Poland has ever had a history free from the burden of foreign influence. Their flat countryside has historically been open to invasion from both the Germans and the Russians.

In Kielce we communicated for three hours with a group of kids. The only common languages available were hand gestures and



SR art Suzi Gest

There are many university students and that is the place to meet them. Chopin, one of the most famous Polish composers, is commemorated by a statue and a fountain in the main park. During the spring and summer a piano concert is held every Sunday morning at 11:00.

Krakow was my favorite city. Many of the old buildings are still left intact, thanks to the absence of intense bombing during WWII. It is an artsy city, crawling with students, complete with jazz clubs and dancing. The old city is straight out of a fairy tale, with a beautiful Orthodox cathedral in the center. The streets of the city are tree-lined with an occasional garden of typical Polish beauty.

The Polish economy is weak, which makes it particularly affordable for student travel. The exchange rate was 250 zloties to the dollar, with the black market rate of 1,000

zl to the dollar. We ate in some of the finest restaurants in Warsaw for 150 zl, which translates into \$.60 official rate and a plain steal black market rate. The youth hostels average out to be between \$1.50 and \$3.00 a night. They are very clean with pleasant people always being in charge.

The shopping in Krakow was incredible. For example, Bree leather bags are a product of Poland. The very same bag that could be purchased at Nordstoms for \$248.00 I bought for about \$7.00. The Poles also make beautiful china and crystal. Russian watches are also a steal at about \$3.00 each. The shopping was great, but it was only minor compared with the opportunity to get to know the people and make life-long friends.

If you are planning a trip to Europe, I would strongly suggest adding Poland to your list of places to experience. Before you go, obtain your travel and transit visas in the states to avoid the hassle and added expense of obtaining them in Europe. Don't forget to state that you are a student as there is a daily money exchange requirement of \$14.00, but only \$7.00 for students. Transit visas are valid for two days, so be sure to spend some time in Prague on the way. It is one of Europe's grandest cities. German is a very useful language in traveling in the east Poland. Avoid Russian, for the Poles don't respond too well to it. If you have any further interest in Poland or east bloc travel, give *Student Review* a call and ask for me, maybe I could be of some help.

Karen reads European Travel and old John LeCarre novels. She wants to return to Poland, and this time make it to Wjkhnr, where she has a friend from her boarding school days.

**We were treated like royalty.
They broke out their finest china,
their best food and drink, and we
all slept on very beautiful linens.**

pop-music groups. We also picked up a family along the road (hitch-hiking is very safe and is one of their main modes of transportation). Overall, the people were very receptive to us—the language barrier was not a real problem.

Krakow and Warsaw are definitely not to be missed. Warsaw was leveled by the war, but the old town is still a sight to see.

Class Review

ARTS & LEISURE

Dr. Cronin Examines Sex Roles

by Bill George

Honors 203R section two is a literature class entitled "American Fictions of the Male and Female Experience." It is a small class of about a dozen students taught by Dr. Gloria Cronin and is based on seminar discussion and literary analysis. Like all literature classes, it is largely a reflection of the teacher's style, current work and attitudes. Dr. Cronin is a native New Zealander who has been teaching for BYU or BYU-Hawaii for more than ten years. Her approach is based on analyzing literature, relating its theme to current individual issues, and then analyzing and applying it in light of personal values and goals.

The term "feminist criticism" evokes many different images. Often, it is associated with the lowest common denominator of feminism, the drum-beating radical who is more interested in "revenge" than in constructive understanding of gender roles and appropriate and positive change. In contrast to this stereotype, the class is an exercise in searching the modern American novel for gender attitudes and exploring the effects of our culture on male and female interaction with society.

The first step in such a study is to understand the Bildungsroman, the journey undertaken by the traditional questing youth. This prevalent novel form has traditionally dealt with young men and the stages and rituals through which they pass in attempting their quest. In this century, for the first time, young

women are being allowed to break ties with the establishment and set forth on journeys of their own. Because there is no set pattern for the female questor, authors are being forced to define their own beliefs concerning the appropriate role of women and the codes by which they can appropriately live.



SR art by Brian Kubarycz

The next step in understanding these gender questions is exploring the traditional masculine code. This code predates Christianity in the Roman warrior and the Arthurian legends and includes such characteristics as reliability, devotion, courage, stoicism and the ability to kill and die well. Women, on the other hand, have traditionally been the "keepers of the citadel" who were to marry "to love" and not "for love." Victorian novelists portrayed women as either domestic, submissive

angels, or crafty whores.

These codes have begun to break down in our century and a challenge that every serious writer of our time faces is how he or she will treat this crisis of identity in his or her books.

The main task of students in Dr. Cronin's classes is reconciling good and bad aspects of these codes, deciding which are valid and which are not, and incorporating them into their own value structure. The classes Dr. Cronin is teaching require reading a series of novels (and extensive criticism on them) and writing papers on each book exploring the gender issue. The class period itself is spent in informal discussion on the author, the issues, and the papers the students have written. The books range from Hemingway to Potok and are chosen because they discuss different facets of the male/female experience.

One of the most fascinating aspects of the study is its relationship to BYU's unique value structure. Our convictions are strengthened as we openly and impartially examine our beliefs. As our understanding deepens we gain appreciation for the excellent insights that the gospel provides on human behavior and needs; we also realize that many of the prejudices inherent in our culture are inconsistent with the gospel and not at all unique to our social structure. This is one of the rare classes where the subject comes alive, going to class is a pleasure, and the issues attacked are immediately applicable for the individual. Although demanding, a literature class with Dr. Cronin is an experience to be sought after.

The Nylons' Sleek Sound at the Kingsbury

by Kent Larsen

In spite of a couple of recent hits, the Nylons are not very well known. Yet those hits, "Happy Together" and "Kiss Him Goodbye," and the Nylons' previous albums managed to fill Kingsbury Hall Thursday night where the Nylons wowed the audience with not only their familiar tight a cappella harmony, but also, a surprisingly entertaining evening.

The Nylons music is characterized by a completely a cappella sound (except for some percussion). Not surprisingly for such a group, they sounded slightly, but not very noticeably, out of tune on a couple numbers. But their sound was grabbed by the audience, who screamed, applauded and sang along with virtually every number. At one point, cries reached the stage asking for "The Lion Sleeps Tonight" and other songs. The group deftly persuaded the audience to wait until those numbers occurred in the program. And the audience, which didn't seem to mind, enjoyed every moment while yelling and screaming for more as the concert approached its end.

I half expected a group like the Nylons to simply stand on the stage - like a barber-shop quartet or something - so they could hear each other and stay in tune. Not so, this group also manages to put on quite an entertaining visual performance. The choreography of their numbers, especially after the intermission, grabbed attention and added excitement to the concert. If the Solid Gold Dancers could pull this off each week, I'd be a regular viewer.

If I could complain about anything during the concert, it would have to be the

please see Nylons on page 14



Tommy's Burger The Other Side of Food

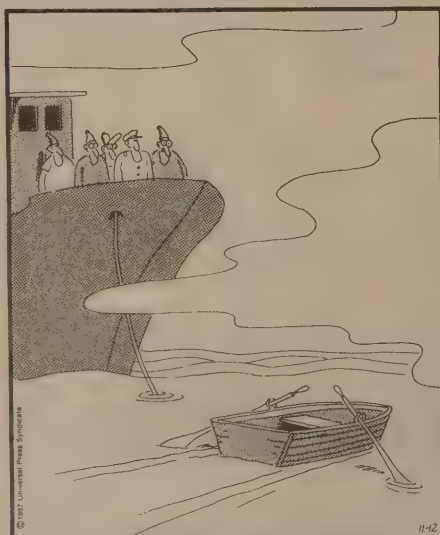
100 North
400 West

Tommy's Chillburger with the works

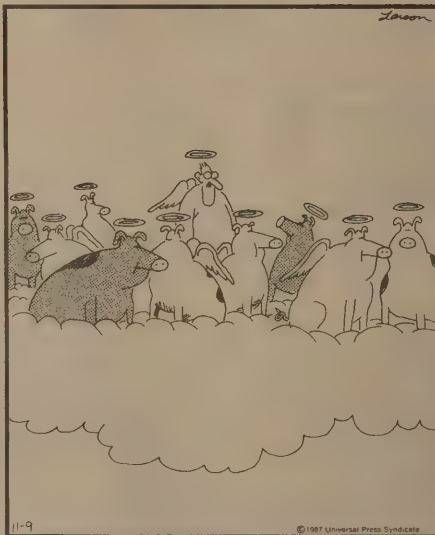
PLUS a big order of fries PLUS a Large 20 oz. drink:

\$2.25 tax included

THE FAR SIDE



At first, the crew could hear only the creaking of oars. And then, out of the fog, the ghost dinghy appeared.



Through some unfortunate celestial error, Ernie is sent to Hog Heaven.



"Fellow octopi, or octopuses ... octopi? ... Dang, it's hard to start a speech with this crowd."

Music Review

Boss Heads Down Tunnel of Love

by Stirling Adams

Love him or hate him, the Boss is Back. Once again Bruce Springsteen has dished out an unexpected musical platter of monumental proportions. This one's called *Tunnel of Love*—strange fare from a man who used to say he was "Born to Run" from love. Radical new directions have been the hallmark of recent Springsteen albums and *Tunnel of Love* is no exception. This time, the Boss comes at us with a more mature, more melodic, and even a less melancholic outlook. That's welcome news to those of us who were tiring of the loud desperation and raucous screaming about Vietnam in his previous album.

Due probably to his recent marriage, Springsteen has found an abundant supply of fresh emotions to write about. His "Hungry Heart" has been nourished by something new—love. As usual, he has successfully pressed genuine emotions onto cold vinyl. His music makes the songs successful, the lyrics make them great. Here, Bruce opens up and describes the tunnel of love. Sometimes it's dark, but with a new optimism, he can always glimpse a light at the end. In place of the incessant depression he usually casts on his listeners, Bruce shows a tentative hope; in himself, in love, in marriage. (He sounds a lot like the RM that's anxiously engaged in the good cause.) In his most optimistic tune, "All That Heaven Will Allow," instead of focusing on defeat and sorrow, he sings of triumph and love—Rain and storm and dark skies/Well now they don't mean a thing/If you got a girl that loves you/and wants to wear your ring/So come on mister trouble/We'll make it through you somehow/We'll fill this house with all the love/That heaven will allow.

Bruce has one of the best bands on the road, but even so, in this album, they play

second chair to emotion. The best songs feature just Bruce and his guitar, and maybe Max Weinberg with percussion or Patty Scialfa on backup vocals. He uses his voice and the six strings as a stage for serious, honest self-appraisal. From "One Step Up" he sings—When I look at myself I don't see/The man I wanted to be/Somewhere along the line I slipped off track/I'm caught movin' one step up and two steps back. Some fans had hoped he had shaken the *Nebraska* business out of his system. But, *deja vu*, several songs on the new album sound just like *Nebraska II*—complete with the bare-bones ballads of 1982. The more commercial songs on the album, such as "Brilliant Disguise," are reminiscent of his 1980 work, *The River*. This collection of melodies ranks among his finest. The tunes are simple, and they fit Bruce's voice better than his last effort. Springsteen takes full advantage of the new digital recording technology and the result is a crystal clear classic. In "Two Faces Have I," Bruce tells us—Two faces have I/One that laughs and one that cries/One says hello one says goodbye/One does things I don't understand/Makes me feel like half a man. In *Tunnel of Love*, we see the face he rarely shows; the one that laughs, and it's a welcome change.

Tunnel of Love isn't selling as well in Utah as it is on the East Coast, but then again, there's no such thing as a "true" Boss fan west of the Mississippi. With this album Bruce Springsteen will certainly satisfy his diehard fans and likely earn some new ones. If you're a fan and haven't bought it, get it. If you're not a fan, get it. If you've got it, get it on disc. If you've got that, you should be listening to it, not reading this.

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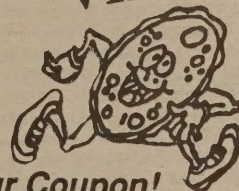
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ARTS & LEISURE

Review's Reviews

Russkies ★★☆☆

Bartender, give me a Glasnost. On second thought, make it a Glasnost Light.

For those Americans not quite ready to accept the new openness in Soviet-American relations, along comes *Russkies*, just the film to ease us comfortably into a new era of global understanding and cooperation.

Misha is a Russian sailor, washed up on the beach at Key West following a botched espionage mission. He is discovered by three American boys who are in the throes of a Ramboesque fantasy, as young American boys are wont to be. Their first reaction is to heroically expose him to the authorities, but of course the mortal enemies overcome their differences and become the best of friends. The boys finally decide to steal a boat and smuggle Misha to Cuba.

With *Russkies*, director Rick Rosenthal has laid out a cinematic smorgasbord of ingratiating devices guaranteed to satisfy, if not nourish, even the heartiest viewer. Served up are generous portions of almost everything a viewer could ask for: appetizers of intrigue and tension, side orders of humor and pat-on-the-back patriotism, and a virtual all-you-care-to-eat salad bar of tender moments as the boys buy Misha a Walkman and take him to McDonald's ("Tastes like America"). There are even several packages of saccharine power-pop theme music and silly romance for those with more "refined" taste buds.

Just like Chuck-O-Rama, though, once we get past the endless salads, Jellos, and macaroni medlies, we arrive at the end of the line to find the promised prime rib riddled with fat. Thematically, *Russkies* is mostly kids stuff, but it still contains an important message for those who get that funny gleam in their eye whenever they see an F-16. Although it almost drowns in its own whip cream, *Russkies* is a meal you shouldn't skip.

Scott Seibers

On the other hand...

If you're trying to cut down on junk food, this is the *first* movie you should eliminate from your diet. I wouldn't compare it to a meal at Chuck-O-Rama, but I would compare it to a meal in the sand box: you could really get a lot of nutrients out of *Russkies* if only it didn't taste so nasty and make you sick near to nausea in the attempt.

Of course we all know that the nutrients in sand are in a form that is totally useless—the dosage is way too high and there are too many unpalatable things in it. That's *Russkies* too. There's so much there that's "good for you" that you feel like puking your "glasnost light." When "we arrive at the end" of this smorgasbord we find the sand box, not "riddled with fat," but with the droppings of countless other movies.

I recommend leaving the sandbox for the kids and saving your appetite for finer cuisine. But I'll splurge and give it ★★ Rated PG for profanity and vulgarity. (University Mall 7:10, 9:20 PM).

David Matheson

Less Than Zero ★★☆☆

About a college freshman who returns home to L.A. for Christmas break only to find that things have changed, or rather, that his perceptions have changed. Set in a coked-up-rich-kids party world, this movie tries to make you feel sorry for kids who have grown up wealthy, hence, messed up. (You've

heard about the connection.) It wants you to sympathize with kids who basically create their own problems. And it works. The characters, adapted from Bret Easton Ellis' novel by the same name, are truly likable. The screen play is unremarkable, but realistic. The acting, for the most part, is satisfactory, although at times the emotions seem forced. Robert Downey Jr. is especially good as the strung-out, in-debt friend who stayed home from college. The art direction is fantastic, providing the viewer with elaborate party scenes, complete with garbage sculptures, video concept art, and pink Christmas trees.

However, be warned: at times this movie is explicit. The language is often offensive, there are adult situations, and there is a homosexual scene that may offend many viewers. But in spite of all this, the movie does express its message very well: things

don't always go better with coke. Rated R for profanity, vulgarity, adult situations, nudity. At Carillon Square, 7:00 and 9:30.

Dawn Sollenbarger

Hello, Again ★★

Shelley Long stars as Lucy Chadman, a dedicated housewife who dies before her time but is brought back to life one year later by her wacky spiritualist sister. She returns to find her husband married to a high society beauty and no longer interested in her. The aptly named Lucy stumbles her way to revenge and true love as she pays tribute to Ms. Ball by reliving all her best bits. I kept waiting for Ricky to get home from the club, or Ethel to drop by with some gossip. The premise of the story is just too thin to support the rest of the script and you'll need both hands to count the predictable death jokes. You say hello, and I say goodbye. Rated PG because Shelley's clothes keep falling off.

Scott Seibers

Nylons from page 12

length of the intermission. Yet this was understandable given a costume change and the rest needed for an a cappella performance. And the audience made the best of it with attempts to start a wave in the theater and cheers of "taste's great!" and "less filling!" This too helped keep the fun momentum of the concert.

If you have previously known about the Nylons, you might keep in mind that they put on a great concert also - to me an unexpected pleasure. If you haven't (I hope you can at least connect them with "Kiss Him Goodbye" and "Happy Together," their current hits) you might pick up one of their albums or listen to one of their songs. And if you have a chance, go to a concert, you'll be pleasantly surprised.

Kip is our business manager. He's into hosiery.

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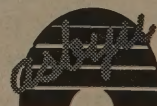
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THE CALENDAR

Wednesday, November 18

lecture:

Honors Module
 Douglas E. Bush on Bach's Cantatas 61 & 80 and the Mass in B Minor, 211 MSRB, 6:00 p.m.
 Flea Market of Ideas
 "Art from the Non-Kinko's Print Shop"
 Wayne Kimball, 321 ELWC, 1:00 p.m.
 "You Want to Major in What?"
 Robert L. Marshall, 321 ELWC, 2:00 p.m.
 Real Estate Lecture
 "Principles of Success" G. Scott Simonton
 President, Sunburst Properties, Inc.
 710 TNRB, 2:00 & 4:00 p.m.
 Kennedy Center Lecture Series
 U.S. Anti-Terrorism Policy
 Gregory A. Raymond, speaker
 238 HRCB, 8:00 a.m.

film:

Varsity I
 Soul Man 4:30, 7:00, & 9:30 p.m.
 International Cinema
 Lecture on Othello 3:15 p.m.
 Othello (Italian) 3:45 & 8:45 p.m.
 Sacrificed Youth (Mandarin) 6:45 p.m.
 Television's Vietnam: The Impact of Media
 321 ELWC, 7:00 p.m.

music:

Philharmonic Orchestra
 De Jong Concert Hall, 7:30 p.m.

dance:

Ballet Showcase
 185 RB, 7:30 p.m.
 Tickets: ext. 5086

sports:

Tennis - Rolex-Region VII Tournament,
 SFH Courts, all day

exhibit:

Monte L. Bean Museum
 Wood Carvers Show
 3rd Floor, 10:00 a.m. - 9:00 p.m.

television:

Survival Special: "The Forbidden Desert of the Danakil" For the first time on film, the lives of these Ethiopian desert nomads, called the most hostile people on earth. Ch. 11, 11:00 p.m.

Thursday, November 19

lecture:

Honors Module
 James E. Faulconer on Hans Georg Gadamer's *Dialogue and Dialectic*, 241 MSRB, 6:00
 Flea Market of Ideas
 "Light, More Light!"
 Peter L. Myer, 321 ELWC, 1:00 p.m.
 "To Hold the Mirror Up to Nature"
 Robert A. Nelson, 321 ELWC, 2:00 p.m.
 Executive Lecture
 "International Careers: Realistic Opportunity",
 Robert N. Thiess, Vice President, Europe/
 Middle East, Kentucky Fried Chicken, 710
 TNRB, 2:00 p.m. & 151 TNRB, 4:00 p.m.

theatre:

Mask Club
 Nelke Experimental Theatre, Noon to
 4:00 p.m. Open to anyone!
 She Loves Me
 Pardoe Drama Theater, 7:30 p.m.
 Honors and the Arts Series
 O'Neill Reader's Theatre
 Seats are free but limited so arrive early.
 Refreshments will be served.
 Corey Auditorium, MSRB, 8:00 p.m.

film:

Varsity I
 Soul Man 4:30, 7:00, & 9:30 p.m.
 International Cinema
 Sacrificed Youth (Mandarin) 3:15 & 8:15 Othello
 (Italian) 5:15 p.m.

music:

Symphonic Orchestra and Trombone Choir
 de Jong Concert Hall, 7:30 p.m.

dance:

Ballet Showcase

185 RB, 7:30 p.m.

Tickets: ext. 5086

sports:

Tennis - Rolex-Region VII Tournament
 SFH Courts, all day

exhibit:

Monte L. Bean Museum
 Wood Carvers Show
 3rd Floor, 10:00 a.m. - 9:00 p.m.

party:

French Club Soiree
 Albert Van Amstel, singer of French Folk
 Songs, 7:30 p.m.
 CDU & Kappa Tiajuana Party
 Los Hermanos, 8:00 p.m. Ticket Required

Friday, November 20

lecture:

International Internship Panel Discussion
 Series: Job and Internship opportunities in
 Japan
 2:00 pm David M. Kennedy Center Conference
 Room

theatre:

She Loves Me
 Pardoe Drama Theater, 7:30 p.m.
 Honors and the Arts Series
 O'Neill Reader's Theatre
 Seats are free but limited so arrive early.
 Refreshments will be served.
 Corey Auditorium, MSRB, 8:00 p.m.

film:

Varsity I
 Hoosiers 4:30, 7:00, & 9:30 p.m.
 Varsity II
 Great Mouse Detective 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.

Feel free to submit anything cultural, social, intellectual, musical, theatrical, atheletic, religious, academic or eventful. Submit your submissions, suggestions, parties or whatever, to Connie Moore in person or by phone by the Thursday before publication. We put in just about anything, but in keeping with SR tradition, we reserve the right to edit arbitrarily.

International Cinema
 Othello (Italian) 3:15 & 8:15 p.m.
 Sacrificed Youth (Mandarin) 6:15 p.m.
 Film Society
 The Red Pony 7:0 & 9:30 p.m.
 214 Crabtree Building

music:

Pianist Shura Cherkassky
 de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC
 Parley Belnap and Gaylen Hatton,
 Faculty Organ and French Horn Recital
 Provo Tabernacle, 7:30 p.m.
 Temple Square Concert Series
 University of Utah Wind Symphony
 Assembly Hall, Temple Square, 7:30 p.m.

dance:

Ballet Showcase
 185 RB, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: ext. 5086

sports:

Tennis - Rolex-Region VII Tournament
 SFH Courts, all day

Women's Volleyball - BYU vs. New Mexico
 SFH, 7:30 p.m.

exhibit:

Monte L. Bean Museum
 Wood Carvers Show
 3rd Floor, 10:00 a.m. - 9:00 p.m.

party:

Preference
 ELWC Ballroom, East Bay Country Club,
 Excelsior Hotel, ELWC Memorial Lounge,
 Skyroom & Springville Art Museum

Saturday, November 21

theatre:

She Loves Me
 Pardoe Drama Theater, 7:30 p.m.
 Honors and the Arts Series
 O'Neill Reader's Theatre
 Seats are free but limited so arrive early.
 Refreshments will be served.
 Corey Auditorium, MSRB, 8:00 p.m.

film:

Varsity I
 Hoosiers 4:30, 7:00, & 9:30 p.m.
 Varsity II
 Great Mouse Detective 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
 International Cinema
 Othello (Italian) 3:15 & 6:15 p.m.
 Sacrificed Youth (Mandarin) 9:15 p.m.
 Film Society
 The Red Pony 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
 214 Crabtree Building

music:

Temple Square Concert Series
 Music Reservata: Renaissance and Baroque
 Music played on authentic instruments
 Assembly Hall, Temple Square, 7:30 p.m.
 Chamber Orchestra,
 Madsen Recital Hall, 7:30 p.m.
 Jazz and Dixieland Ensemble
 de Jong Concert Hall, 7:30 p.m.

dance:

Ballroom Medals Ball and Championships
 ELWC Ballroom, 7:00 p.m.

sports:

Tennis - Rolex-Region VII Tournament
 SFH Courts, all day

television:

The Story of English: "The Muvver Tongue"
 Studies the spread of English throughout the
 British Empire during the 19th century. Ch. 11,
 1:00 p.m.
 The Constitution: That Delicate Balance
 "Immigration Reform" Ch. 11, 6:00 p.m.
 Wonderworks: "The Little Princess"
 Based on the classic story by Frances Hodgson
 Burnett, Ch. 11, 7:00 p.m.

Monday, November 23

theatre:

Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor
 Dreamcoat
 Second Stage Theatre, ZCMI Center, 7:30 p.m.
 Tickets: 532-6031

film:

Varsity I
 Hoosiers 4:30, 7:00, & 9:30 p.m.
 Varsity II
 Great Mouse Detective 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
 Monte L. Bean Museum
 Wild Cat Family - Cougar (16 minutes)
 6:00, 7:00, & 8:00 p.m.

Tuesday, November 24

devotional:

Elder David B. Haight
 Marriott Center, 11:00 a.m.

theatre:

She Loves Me
 Pardoe Drama Theater, 7:30 p.m.

film:

Varsity I
 Hoosiers 4:30, 7:00, & 9:30 p.m.
 International Cinema
 Rubber Tarzan (Danish) 3:15 & 7:00 p.m.
 Where the River Runs Black (English) 5:00 &
 8:40 p.m.

music:

Early Music Ensemble
 Madsen Recital Hall, 7:30 p.m.
 Faculty Jazz Quartet
 de Jong Concert Hall, 7:30 p.m.

Wednesday, November 25

theatre:

She Loves Me
 Pardoe Drama Theater, 7:30 p.m.

film:

Varsity I
 Hoosiers 4:30, 7:00, & 9:30 p.m.
 International Cinema
 Where the River Runs Black (English) 3:15 &
 6:45 p.m.
 Rubber Tarzan (Danish) 5:10 & 9:45 p.m.

music:

Utah Symphony
 Salute to Youth Concert
 Symphony Hall, 8:00 p.m.

Thursday, November 26

theatre:

She Loves Me
 Pardoe Drama Theater, 7:30 p.m.

film:

Varsity I
 Hoosiers 4:30, 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.

Friday, November 27

theatre:

She Loves Me
 Pardoe Drama Theater, 7:30 p.m.

Sunday, November 22

music:

Great music every Sunday on KBYU FM
 88
 Especially: The Compleat Gilbert and Sullivan
 at 2:00 p.m., Chamber Music from New York at
 4:00 p.m., Temple Square Concert Series at 6:00
 p.m. & The St. Paul Chamber Orchestra at
 10:15 p.m.

Football - BYU vs. Utah,
 Cougar Stadium, noon
 Women's Volleyball - BYU vs. New
 Mexico
 SFH, 7:30 p.m.

party:

Preference
 ELWC Ballroom, East Bay Country Club,
 Excelsior Hotel, ELWC Memorial Lounge,
 Skyroom & Springville Art Museum
 Sam Hall & Kappa Polygamy Party
 Contact Club Presidents for details

Viet Vet from page 2

bunch. You had to turn it over to the Lord because you didn't have a lot going for you. At that time the war obviously wasn't being run right. You'd go over there and put in your time so you could get out. You really didn't develop any of the skills that you really should develop. When you got in there you had your green uniform that was brand new, and you'd look over and see these guys in their old faded uniforms and the air of assurance that they had because they'd been there.

SR: Did you have trouble with green first lieutenants?

EN: There was a second lieutenant that used to hide in his bunker when there was incoming. About the time we were eating, the Vietnamese liked to fire on us. They'd fire rockets and try to catch us off guard. The lieutenant would go down into his bunker that was all sand-bagged and safe, it had some air holes on top. The men slipped down and locked his door and threw some CS bombs down and then closed the vent holes. They just didn't like that. He was supposed to be the man in charge, supposed to be out there with everybody.

SR: How did you change by the time you came back to the United States? How did you deal with the way things had been in Vietnam?

EN: I left very young with all kinds of misconceptions about what might happen. When I came back, I was more mature. I didn't have a lot of direction when I came back. Mainly I had

the ranch and the horses. Nobody gave me a bad time about it.

I remember that exhilarating feeling to be home, to be back in the United States. It felt really good. I remember not saluting anybody. They kind of mildly chided me. I just felt like nobody was going to bother me. I just came home and took off my uniform.

SR: How are you dealing with these experiences now?

EN: Just occasionally, when everything is just right, you will, just for an instant, find yourself back there. But it isn't anything that disrupting. You will just suddenly recognize your surroundings or situation. All of your experiences tend to augment your personality. If somebody has a good, solid,

constitution and is reasonably sound psychologically, they are usually okay.

SR: What type of artillery did you run?

EN: The heavy artillery, self-propelled. These

were the 175s which you shoot about 28 miles and then the 8-inch which would shoot about 14 miles.

SR: What do you think of the new movies such as *Platoon* and *Full Metal Jacket*? The people my age went and thought it was an accurate portrayal.

EN: I thought *Full Metal Jacket* was stupid. It wasn't accurate. The only thing that was accurate was some of the phraseology.

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Supercollider from front page

alleviate this problem, an oval track with a large diameter is used so that the path seems nearly straight, but the particle can complete several slightly curved laps rather than a very long straight one.

Once the particles reach the required speed they are smashed into other particles or atoms and the effects are observed. Such high-speed atomic collisions provide valuable insights into the structure and behavior of atoms and subatomic particles. This knowledge is invaluable in the field of nuclear physics. The more we understand about subatomic particles, the better we are able to harness their tremendous energy.

Economic Considerations

The scientific benefits of a supercollider are nearly universally acknowledged, but the cost is prohibitive. It is estimated that the project will cost nearly six billion dollars to complete. This estimate includes providing the site with water, sewage, and electrical requirements. Several million dollars have already been spent by the individual states on proposals. Since the collider would not be a profit making venture, it would also require ongoing funds after completion.

On the other hand, there would be a tremendous influx of industry to the local economy. Although there are several parts of the collider that could not be constructed by Utah companies, most of the work would be done locally. The estimated gross revenue of the project is \$694.8 million. Even after the significant costs to the state, the estimated net revenue is a healthy \$123.9 million.

In addition to the direct monetary benefits, there would be several other assets. A project of this magnitude would generate several spin-off supporting companies. The actual collider would require a few thousand employees—many of whom would be noted scientists. The local universities would most assuredly beef-up their nuclear physics programs. The project would also attract visitors

from all over the world which would increase business for hotel and restaurant companies.

Part of the proposal submitted by the State of Utah provides for the formation of an "Institute of Physics" which would specialize in nuclear physics and applications of the supercollider. This institute would also provide a forum for prominent physicists around the world to learn from each other. The institute would naturally encourage the development of strong physics programs at

in office is completed.

There are also other, less political, concerns. The recent developments in high temperature superconductivity could sharply reduce the cost of the high powered electromagnets used to accelerate the particles.

Superconductors are materials that allow electricity to flow through them with no resistance. Superconductive electromagnets provide an extremely strong electromagnetic force to propel the particles in the collider.

Judging from the economic state of the nation it is unlikely that congress would approve the six billion necessary to complete the project.

universities around the state.
Will It Be Built?

It is estimated that there is about a fifty percent chance that the supercollider will be constructed at all. There are several hurdles that must be cleared before a project of this magnitude (perhaps the world's largest construction project ever) could be built.

Most of the problems are political. So far, several states have invested heavily in proposals in the hope of getting the project. However, their interest will probably wane if the project is not constructed at their site.

The funds for such a project would have to be approved by Congress. Judging from the economic state of the nation it is unlikely that congress would approve the six billion necessary to complete the project. Although President Reagan is strongly behind the project, the final approval will not come until his term

Superconductive materials must currently be cooled to about four degrees Kelvin (-269 degrees Celsius) for superconductivity to occur. This cooling process is understandably quite expensive. Superconductivity at higher temperatures could facilitate the development of a smaller and cheaper accelerator that could accomplish the same tasks.

These developments will, of course, take time and time is a major concern for many proponents of the current supercollider project. Many of the prominent physicists would like a collider of this capability built in their lifetime. If the project is delayed to utilize new developments, some of these scientists will not be around to use it.

Utah's Chances

Assuming that the collider is built, what are the chances that it will be built in Utah? The first cuts in the selection process were re-

Vigil from front page

Ryan Wayment, the original founder of the movement, says "It seems to be getting bigger... I'd like even more to participate and make it everybody's vigil." Beginning seven weeks ago, the vigil was at first composed of only five or six students who traded ideas on the Wilkenson Center lawn. Since that time as many as one hundred people have attended the prayer vigil.

This marks what appears to be a growing trend of activism on the part of BYU students. The Aryan Nations protest demonstration in Ogden two weekends ago represents a major step in organized student action. Response, BYU's peace and human rights club, is also enjoying increased membership. These are indications that as student awareness increases, involvement will continue to grow in these areas of concern.

All reverberations have not been positive. The vigil has been criticized as simply an unethical way of using prayer to accomplish political ends. In response to these accusations, Smith replied, "There is absolutely nothing wrong in praying about political questions, and when we pray in the vigil, we pray only generally for peace."

In the Book of Mormon, the prophet Amulek taught that we must pray continually for the welfare of those around us. The vigil for peace attempts to use the vehicle of prayer to effect those outside their physical range of influence. When asked what the ultimate purpose of the vigil was, Zeric Smith stated, "I think foremost is to raise our voices in prayer and collectively ask God to help us solve our international problems", to which Ryan Wayment added "I think there is real power there."

cently made. One of Utah's sites (a privately sponsored one) was cut. Utah still has two other sites that are legitimate contenders for the "short list." The short list of possible sites will be announced in January of 1988.

The two proposed Utah sites are West of Salt Lake City. The first would encircle the northern end of the Cedar Mountains. The second site would be just to the west of the first site in the Ripple Valley in the Great Salt Lake Desert.

Both of these sites are serious contenders for the short list. The Cedar Mountain site would be closer to Salt Lake City but would be more difficult to construct especially as it cuts through the mountains. There are no really "ideal" sites, but if the collider is built, Utah's chances are at least as good as those of other states.

Conclusions

Recent media hype has somewhat blurred the perception of the supercollider project. Although it would clearly be a major asset for the state in which it were built, it would be a major liability for the rest of the nation. The benefits of subatomic research can hardly be denied, but perhaps these benefits can be realized for a bit less than six billion dollars if we are patient enough to develop a few more of the peripheral technologies.

It would be nice if we could spend less on defense and invest the savings in legitimate peaceful research projects like the supercollider, but a major diversion of that type is unlikely in the near future.

It is still possible that the supercollider will be built and that it will be built in Utah. However, there are still many bridges to be crossed before this can be realized. The supercollider project has been considered for several years now and it is likely that it will take several more before the project is actually built.